

Carmenère

by Matt Shaw

Ready lips rest

Warm and soft,
Trembling and apprehensive,
Lively and full,
Raw and elemental and romantic,
Slow and purposeful
Just above her writhing body.

Splayed legs,
Fruit stained, blushing bodice,
Shadows where lips
Met a warm surface
(Again and again)
And drank Deeply,
Tasted sour, sweet ambrosia.

Lips to graceful curve,
Found a well from which
This dancing lifeblood comes
(Again and again),
Calls my name,
Begs of me to drink More,
Presses on my nose and
Rides upon my upper lip,
Invokes the name of god and
Fills the pulsing air with
Her aroma.

Finally she is spent and
I have drunk Enough,
And in the afterglow she
Kisses shut my eyes and

Guides me into sleep.

